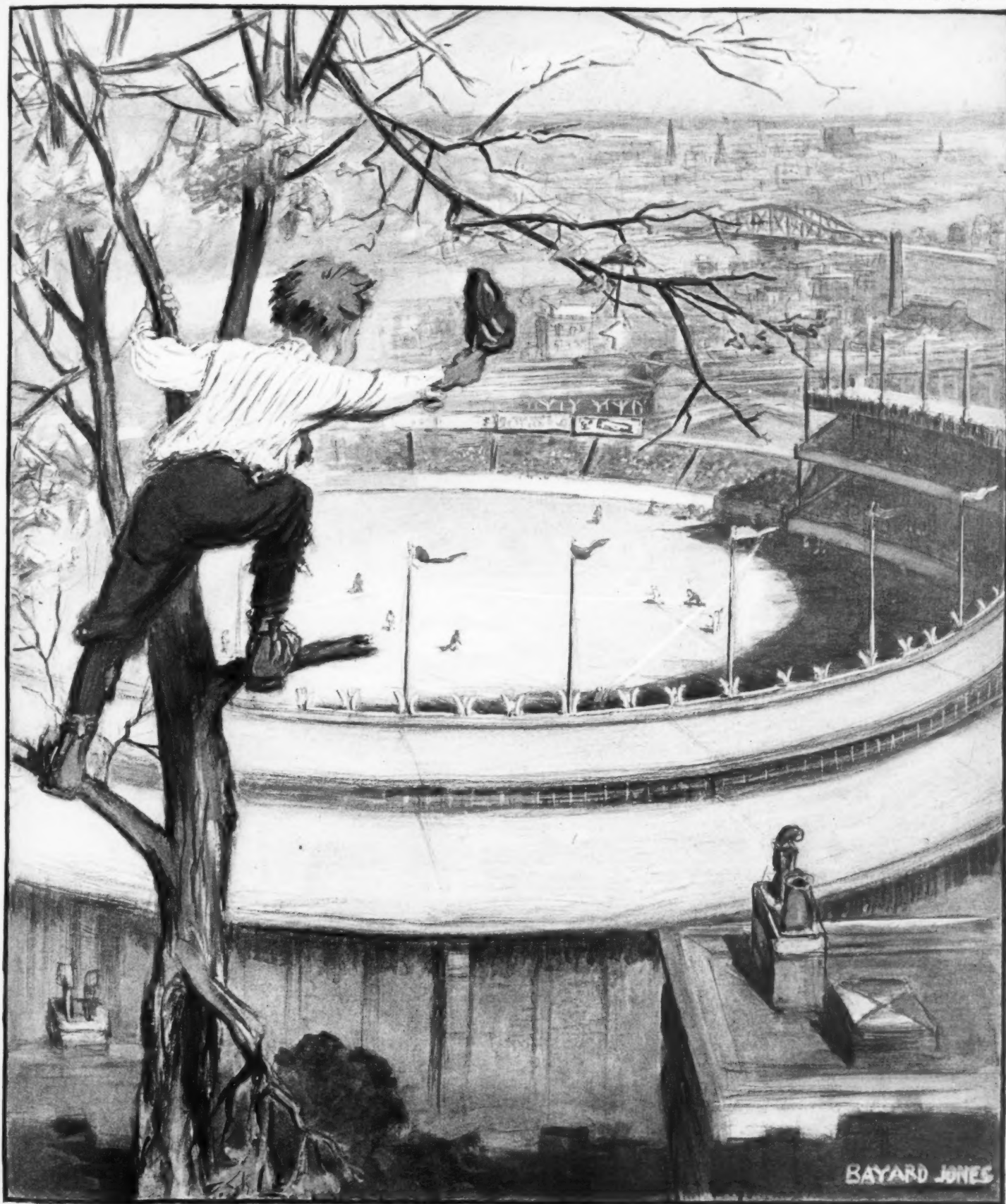


BASEBALL
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 10 CENTS
Vol. 60, No. 1558. September 5, 1912
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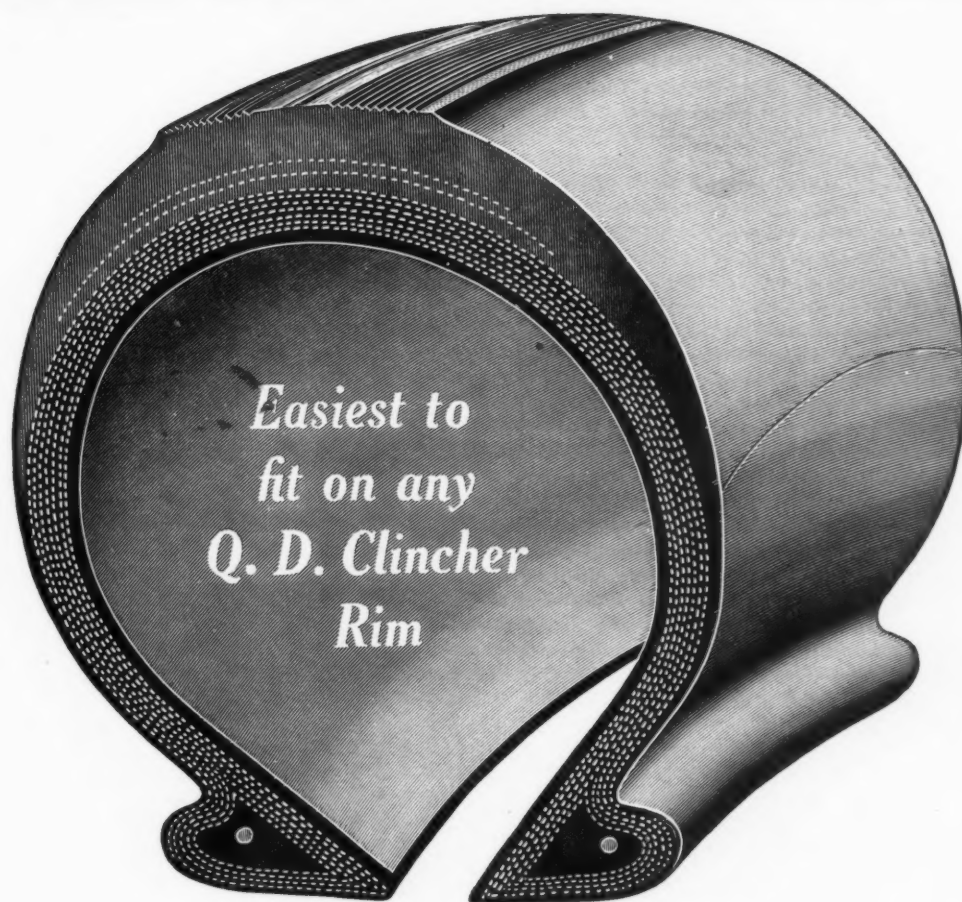
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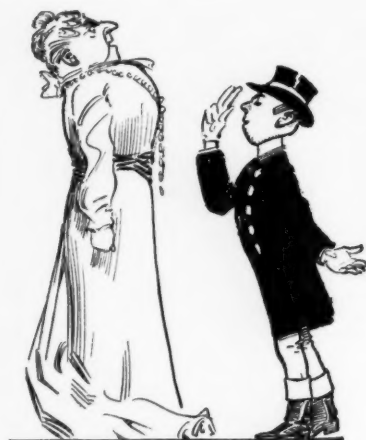
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No! No!

The Texas Number of *Life*

Out next week, will contain no pictures like the above.
For many years there has been a popular impression in the degenerate East and the haughty North that Texas was peopled with cowboys. The next number of LIFE will dispel this base calumny and place Texas where it belongs—the model State of the Union.



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· LIFE ·

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You can appreciate the Long Stroke Little Six only through intimate personal acquaintance. A ride in it will make you reconstruct your ideas on automobile comfort. Test it in comparison with other cars and you will then know positively that you are selecting the easiest riding car obtainable. Folder describing the Little Six with 60 horsepower, and the Big Six with 82 horsepower mailed on application.

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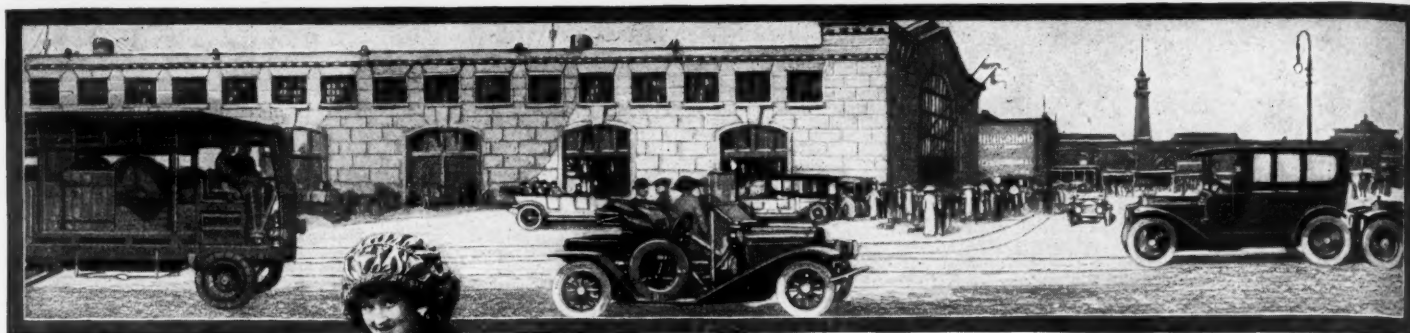
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stands a thousand or two above the average mileage of the average tire. It ought to—for since 1895, when we started out as the first manufacturers of rubber vehicle tires, our experience has enabled us to develop for Kelly-Springfield Tires a tough, long wearing composition of rubber that is pretty close to perfection.

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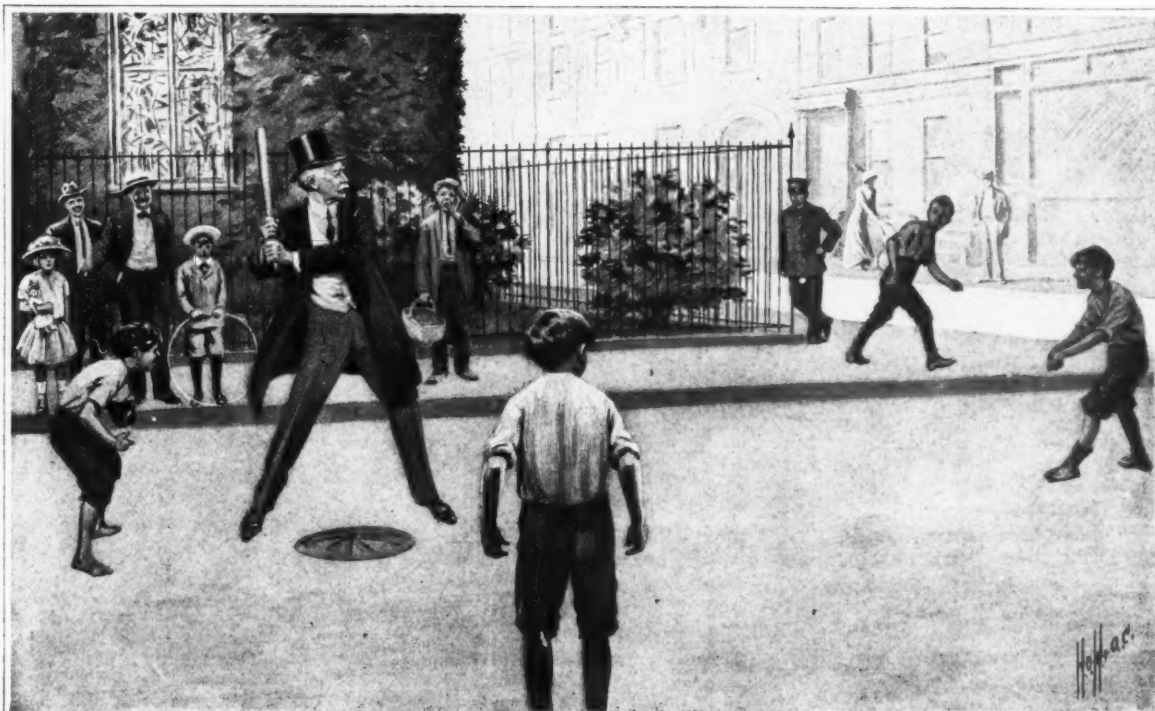
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"DOYS WILL BE BOYS"

L'Envoi of Baseball

WHEN earth's last ball game is ended and the bats are all
put aside,
When the oldest catcher is toothless and the youngest pitcher
has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for a
season or two
And peacefully cease to be caring what the Wagners and
Cobbs may do.

Then those that are wise shall be happy; they shall cease to
be bowed by care,
And never have cause to grumble at weather that isn't fair;
There shall be no fans to argue, winter or summer or fall,
And those who have brains will be thinking of something be-
side baseball.

And umpires never shall fret us and never deserve our blame,
And no one shall beat his children when the home team has
lost a game;
But each shall find something to live for, though the spitballist
journey afar,
And the grandmothers, well out of danger, shall be pleased
with things as they are.



"A home run"



"While there is Life there's Hope"



SCANDAL is lively reading, even political scandal, and doubtless the papers are justified, as LIFE goes to press, in devoting much space to revelations, furnished primarily by one of Mr. Hearst's magazines, of details of Republican financing in the Presidential campaign of 1904. Mr. Hearst printed letters to the effect that the Standard Oil Company contributed liberally to the Republican campaign fund in that year. A committee of the Senate investigated, and Mr. Penrose for the Republicans and Mr. Archbold for Standard Oil admitted that it was true. And there has been assertion that the candidate, Mr. Roosevelt, knew of these contributions, and was agreeable, and wanted \$150,000 more and did not get it, and for that reason persecuted the Standard Oil Company after his election.

Of course, this last accusation is not true. A matter of \$150,000 worth of political assistance, more or less, would never have affected President Roosevelt's behavior towards a corporation. He denies that he had anything to do with this Standard Oil money of 1904, or consented to its being received, and has furnished letters he wrote about it to Mr. Cortelyou forbidding him to accept any Standard Oil money. But it is impiously suggested that these letters were written to be filed, but not otherwise respected, and so on and so on, and, as we write, the headlines are all awl with accusation, denial, re-creation, alibis and general exposure.

All that is fine for persons who enjoy that sort of reading, but to our mind not very important. Mr. Roosevelt has admitted that the old style Republican party was, in years past, a thoroughly and hopelessly tough organization that would do anything necessary to win. It was so bad, and the prospect of inducing it to let him

purify it was so faint that he had to get out of it and set up for himself and hang out a new sign. During the seven years of his Presidency he was its leader, and inferentially spattered by some of the mire of its delinquencies, but after the year he spent in Africa communing with Nature, he came home with sincere aspirations to lead a better life, which were strengthened and solidified by his associations with the *Outlook* and with the other moral and philanthropic tenants of the United Charities Building on Fourth Avenue. It is admitted that he is not a Republican any more, but a reformed man and a Bull Moose. If he did anything wrong while he was still a Republican, it doesn't count now, because he has been born again. His organ, the *Mail*, insists that he is an absolutely new man since two years ago, and has broken with his past. Then why bother about the accusations about what happened eight years ago? He does bother because of a weakness he has, not only for being good and right, but for demonstrating that he always has, himself, been good and right, and never at any time implicated in any of the malefactions of his partners and associates, however bad he may admit them to have been. Because of that weakness he got into the scrape of the three cups of coffee by insisting that he said what he meant and meant what he said about running again and had never changed his mind a hair's breadth or failed at any time to embody his thoughts in clear and comprehensible language. So far as he is concerned, there is only one surprising thing about these "revelations" of 1904. We should have expected him to come out of this Standard Oil mix-up with a heart pure before the Lord, hands clean before the public, his letter file impregnable, his will unshackled and the additional \$150,000 in the pocket of the party's trousers. But it seems, somehow, that Mr. Penrose's friends did not get the

additional \$150,000, and that is indeed surprising.



OF much more urgent present interest than these efforts to connect Colonel Roosevelt with past indiscretions of the Republican party—efforts from which we are confident that he will emerge with every flag flying and every moose-call blowing—is a matter of which the ingenious editor of the *North American Review* treats in the current number of that publication. He starts by saying that the nominal candidates for President are Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt, but the real candidates are "Woodrow Wilson and James S. Sherman, with a remote possibility of Philander C. Knox becoming acting President pending a new election in 1913." This assertion he proceeds to establish on an imposing political, historical and constitutional basis.

Now, let us see!

We know that, according to the twelfth amendment of the Constitution, if none of the candidates now running gets a majority of the votes in the electoral college, the election of President will pass, when Congress counts the ballots on the second Wednesday of next February, to the House of Representatives, and the House, if it can, will elect a President (each State having one vote) from the persons, not exceeding three, who got most votes for President in the electoral college. But it will take a majority of all the States to elect, and two-thirds of the States must be represented to make a quorum. Then the amendment proceeds to provide:

And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of



HER'N

the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

So if the electors fail to elect any one, the House is to elect a President if it can, and the Senate a Vice-President. But the Senate is reckoned to have 50 Republicans, 44 Democrats and 2 vacancies, so, voting on two candidates as prescribed, it would naturally elect the Republican, Mr. Sherman, who, if the House failed to elect a President, would serve as President for four years.

Now it is reckoned that the present House, on which this duty of electing a President may devolve, stands 22 votes for Wilson, 22 for Taft or Roosevelt, and four States evenly divided. It may easily fail, therefore, to elect a President. And Colonel Harvey argues that the Senate may fail to elect a Vice-President, for though it has 50 Republicans, 44 Dem-

ocrats and two vacancies, its Republicans include the group of Progressives who would not be likely to vote for Mr. Sherman, and by abstaining from voting could cause failure to obtain a majority for anyone. And if the candidates should be Johnson and Marshall, instead of Sherman and Marshall, some of the Regular Republicans could, and probably would, secure a like result by declining to vote. In that case Mr. Knox would be temporary President and would have to convene Congress to order a new election, and we should have next year another Presidential scrimmage, to the glee, no doubt, of our Bull Moose fellow citizens.

Colonel Harvey is as good a pre-election estimator of election figures as there is in the country. He discusses chances, gives his figures and draws his inferences. "It is a common assumption," he says, "that the candidacy of Roosevelt will serve only to divide the Republican vote and so clear the way for an easy Democratic victory, but the facts do not justify the conclusion." On the contrary, he considers and points out that for Wilson to obtain, as he must, a clear majority

over Taft and Roosevelt, may be by no means so easy as it now looks to the more sanguine Democrats. But he says, finally:

Wilson will probably be elected. If he carries New York he cannot be beaten.

Neither Taft nor Roosevelt can win.
A vote for Taft is a vote for Sherman.
A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for Sherman.

A vote for Wilson is a vote for Wilson.

Just after the first Chicago convention, when Roosevelt threatened to bolt, the chance that the election might be thrown into the House was discussed. But that discussion died out. Now that Roosevelt is actually running, and running pretty strong, it revives, and certainly is worth attention. How the Third Term Candidate would feel to see, as the result of his exertions, "Sunny Jim" or President Knox opening the new Panama Canal we leave it to more imaginative persons to conjecture.

Meanwhile, a vote for Wilson is
A VOTE FOR WILSON.



IT is pleasant to have a new style come into public discourse. Since stenographers multiplied, and statesmen ceased to write anything more than their signatures with their own hands, the papers they address to the public have gained pitifully in length, but lost in manner. Mr. Roosevelt, long the chief contributor of unpaid reading to our public prints, is an interesting writer, but has an inordinate lot to say, and says it with profusion and repetition. He is profusely reported, for which he is not to blame, so that we all know now not only all he thinks on every subject, but all the turns of language by which his thoughts find expression. In Dr. Wilson we have a new mind, new thoughts and a new manner, and the manner is so good that it will be a pleasure to get better acquainted with the mind and the thoughts. He says his say in fewer words, as yet, than Mr. Roosevelt, and here's hoping that he may persevere in that practise and ability. Even if he proves to have less to say than Mr. Roosevelt, the deficiency will not be charged against him and seems not at all likely to cost him any votes.



DURING VACATION TIME

MEETING A FRIEND WHO IS STUDYING FOR THE MINISTRY

Life's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-five years. In that time it has expended \$133,340.25 and has given a fortnight in the country to 33,537 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$9,337.83
Mrs. Hugh H. Brown.....	5.00
Mrs. Grace R. Moore.....	5.00
Anna G. De Bois.....	5.00
The boys of Moosehead Lake Camp.....	6.00
Arthur A. Penn.....	5.00
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L. T.....	5.00
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"Cash".....	25.00
Proceeds of a Fair held at Hewitt Lake by the following children: Cornelia Sage, Sally Sage, Dean Sage, Jr., Walter Goodwin, Sage Goodwin, Grenville Goodwin, Cora McElroy, Kate White.....	61.26
R. N. I.....	5.70
V. S. E.....	5.00
C. E. McEllan.....	5.70
Paul de N. Burrows, Jr.....	2.00
Madelire G. Moore.....	10.00
Proceeds of a Fair given for the Fresh Air Fund by the following children at East Hampton, L. I.: Marv Keck, Margaret Fay, Martha Keck, Edith Shearn, Catherine Keck, Happy Seymour, Martin Fay, Margaret Hollister, and Clarence Shearn.....	108.42
F. J.....	5.00

\$9,792.91

The Case of Kapsa

JOSEPH J. KAPSA, a gunner's mate on board the battleship *Delaware*, refused to be vaccinated, on the ground that it was against his religion and that he was perfectly healthy.

"Kapsa," says the *New York Herald*, "has been reduced to the rank of seaman, without pay, and is serving a sentence of one year at hard labor at the disciplinary barracks at Port Royal, S. C."

But what a delightful commentary on liberty of thought when a perfectly healthy man is made to serve a year's sentence like a common criminal because he refuses to submit to an operation in which he does not believe!



BASEBALL TALK

"He had plenty of speed and wonderful curves, but very poor control"



Dorlan's Home-Walk

A Baseball Tract

THE ninth; last half; the score was tied,
The Hour was big with Fate,
For Neal had fanned and Kling had flied
When Reddy toed the plate.

And every rooter drew a breath
And rose from where he sat,
For Weal or Woe, or Life or Death
Now hung on Dorlan's bat.

The Pitcher scowled, the Pitcher flung
An inshoot, swift and queer;
But Dorlan whirled his wagon-tongue
And smote the leathern sphere.



"When Reddy toed the plate"

He smote the ball with might and main,
He drove it long and low,
And firstwards like a railway train
He sped to beat the throw.

He reached first base with time to spare
(The throw went high and wide),
But what a tumult rent the air
When "Safe!" the Umpire cried.

"What!" shrieked the Pitcher, lean and tall,
"What!" roared the Catcher stout,
"Wh-at!" yelled the Basemen one and all,
"Ye're off! the man is out!"

The Shortstop swore, the Catcher plead,
They waved their arms around.
The Umpire shook his bullet head
And sternly held his ground,

Though in the wild-eyed Fielders ran
To tear him limb from limb
Or else to tell that erring man
Just what they thought of him.

The Basemen left the bases clear
And came to urge their case;
So Dorlan yawned and scratched his ear
And strolled to second base.

"Safe? Safe?" the Pitcher hissed,
"Ye're blind!"
And breathed a Naughty Word;
While Dorlan hitched his belt behind
And rambled on to third.

And throats were hoarse and words ran high,
And lips were flecked with foam
As Dorlan scanned the azure sky
And held his way toward home.



"And held his way toward home"

And still he heard in dreamy bliss
As down the line he came
The Umpire growl, "Enough o' this!
He's safe. Now, play the game!"

"All right. Come, boys," the Pitcher bawled;

"Two out; now make it three!"
When Dorlan touched the plate and drawled,
"Hey! score that run fer me!"

What wrath was there, what bitter talk,
What joy and wild acclaim!
For Dorlan's peaceful homeward walk
Had won the doubtful game.

Aye, thus the game was lost and won;
So, Athletes great and small,
If like mischance ye fain would shun
Keep cool, don't kick, play ball.

Arthur Guiterman.



"Hey, Jimmy! Watch this one"

Our Custom House Letter

(Special Correspondence to LIFE.)

CUSTOM HOUSE, September 3, 1912. There is very little to report of interest. The routine work going on as usual. This morning several ladies who landed complained of having their clothes torn off and of having what they called their "sensibilities" irritated. This happens so often, however, that it is hardly worth mentioning. A little later the report that one of these ladies had gone to a hotel and hanged herself from mortification was received by Commissioner Loeb with considerable satisfaction. "A

few more hangings like this," said Loeb with a bright smile, "and these women will learn that they cannot transgress the law. We'll show 'em."

A reception is being planned by a group of New England factory owners who are expected on the *Lucania*. It is understood that the reception is in the form of a testimonial to Mr. Loeb for his conscientious enforcement of the custom house laws.

A detective seized an old gentleman and his aged wife to-day, returning from their trip abroad. An office boy

in a Paris jewelry store had written a postal card stating that these old people had bought an imitation pearl necklace which possibly might be real, as the old gentleman had displayed quite a roll of bills. When confronted with the postal card they both broke down and cried, and in order to prevent false sentiment on the part of the spectators they were haled off to the **Tombs**. Their baggage has all been confiscated.

Quite a scene took place on the dock this morning when a tall man, whose name is unknown, declared that he was an American citizen, and that the principal object of the tariff was to make fortunes for a few magnates who controlled the industries of the country, while the rank and file of honest and respectable people were being constantly insulted and outraged by the hired representatives of the government. Although he had nothing dutiable to declare and no evidence could be found against him, his trunks were all unpacked and their contents scattered over the wharf as a lesson to him.

A training school for our custom house officers will shortly be inaugurated. The course includes baggage searching, insolent indifference to protests of travelers, seizing goods on the slightest suspicion, and the undressing and searching of women.

RICH SETTLEMENT WORKER:

If it will interest you young people, I will tell you about some of the European cathedrals.

EAST SIDE: Which moving picture show did youse see 'em in?



BASEBALL TALK

"Early in the game he knocked out a long one"



"I HAVE RUNG FOR YOU, HORTENSE, EIGHT SEPARATE AND DISTINCT TIMES. YOU KNEW I WAS STILL TO BE HOOKED UP. ARE YOUR HANDS PERFECTLY CLEAN?"



SHOWING THE FEELINGS OF HAROLD, WHO CONSIDERS HIMSELF VERY ATHLETIC. HE HAS JUST BEEN RESCUED FROM DROWNING BY THIS GIRL FROM VASSAR.

Fourth Dimension Baseball

TO the Initiated, Enlightened and Uplifted—that is, to the constant readers of the fifteen-cent magazines—it has long been too evident that marvelous changes have come upon our National Game. Grown weary in well-doing, jaded with their efforts for Social Betterment, the intense minds that dominate our periodicals have sought relief in shifting their attention to the sports of this fair land of ours, with the inevitable result that baseball, no longer the simple but argumentative diversion of village green and city lot, can now be properly played only with the assistance of a picked force of civil engineers, corporation lawyers, professors of ballistics and wireless telegraphers, all directed by the counsels of a military board of strategy.

The scientific perfection of our great pitchers alone has obliged baseball campaigners to devise startling defensive measures, just as the increase in the muzzle velocity of naval guns has resulted in the invention of armor plate of greater resistance. All will remember Four-handed Boggs of the Tallahassee Sparrows, whose baffling "snake curve" mowed down the opposing batters of the Gulf League in the season of 1908. All will remember that great pitcher's



BASEBALL TALK

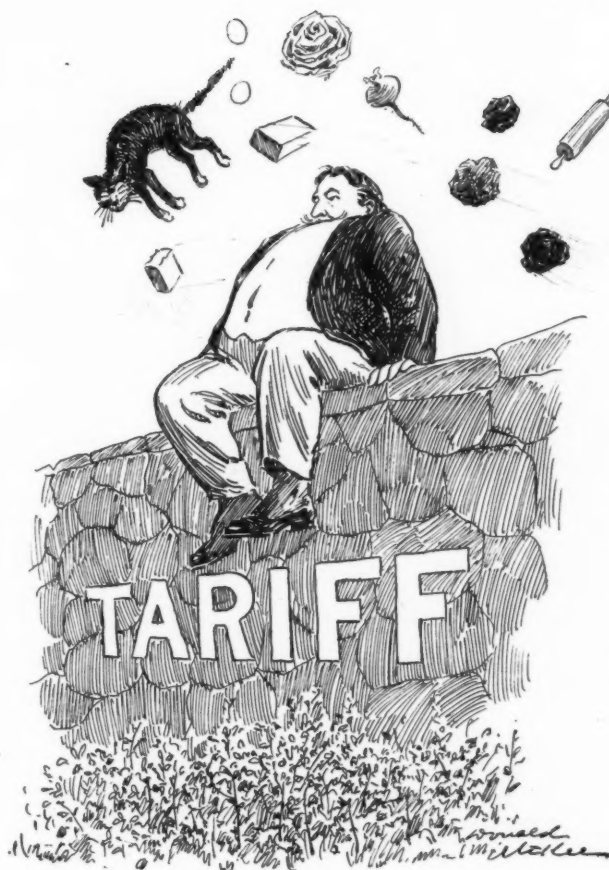
"After a shake up they blanked the visitors"

lamentable downfall when, in the critical game of the season, the Cherokee Scouts solved his delivery by a total of twenty-eight hits. But all they know of the cause of this sad reversal of form is that Moriarity, the pinch-hitter sent in by Manager Deeswax for the Scouts in the fatal sixth inning, started the run getting by a tremendous home-run drive to center field. The fact may now be disclosed that this Moriarity was none other than Gunga Din, the celebrated Hindu snake charmer, who, by the exercise of his mystic powers, charmed and straightened out Boggs's snake curve, and left him the easy prey of the hard-hitting Scouts.

The same year developed another pitching prodigy in the person of Green-eyed Parsons of the Oskaloosa Invincibles. Parson's spitball made him the despair of the surest batters. But when the Invincibles were about to open a series in West Newton Center, the crafty attorneys on the staff of the West Newton Center Tumblebugs covertly lobbied an anti-spitting ordinance through the Board of Selectmen, served a warrant upon Parsons as he was in the act of expectorating upon the ball preparatory to delivering his dreaded curve, and thus effectively broke up the game. I cannot, however, admit that this stratagem was wholly sportsmanlike. Nor am I among those who



"Thou shalt not steal"



"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall"

hold that baseball ethics fully sanction the ingenious methods of the Peoria Pink-Socks, whose mysterious and sensational base-stealing on their home grounds was at length explained when Bigfoot Hasenpfeffer of the visiting Waukegans accidentally broke into the secret underground passage between first and second, the work of the sappers and miners on the auxiliary staff of the Peoria team. I may add that some have grave doubts of the propriety of the now famous ruse of the Raritan Rustlers. This enterprising team, it will be remembered, kept a trained eagle that would swoop upon a pop fly from the bat of one of the home team and carry the ball over the left field fence for a home run. Still, it must be admitted that much of the interest in fourth dimension baseball lies in ingenious evasions of the rules of the game, and that the sport is thus admirably adapted to the end of equipping our young men for their future careers in business, law and politics.

What a gulf lies between modern fourth dimension baseball as maneuvered in the magazines and the game as we used to play it!—when the pitcher's stock-in-trade was some degree of speed and a slow out-curve; when the batter's strategy was to hit hard and frequent; when the dar-

ing base-stealer's plan of action, as forecast by the raucous coach, was to "watch the pitcher's arm, take a good lead, go down on the first ball"; and when the rooters for the home team expressed their opinion of the quality of the visiting aggregation in the chant that ran:

"The Pitcher has a glass arm, the Catcher's on the bum;
First Baseman's got a game leg an' Second's split his thumb;
An' Third has such a headache; an' Short is goin' to die,
An' every limpy Fielder has a bad, bad eye!"

Yes, I played in that game and—excuse my boasting, but I *did* put out the last man by a particularly brilliant catch of a hot liner over second base, and the final score was fifty-two to thirty-one. A. G.

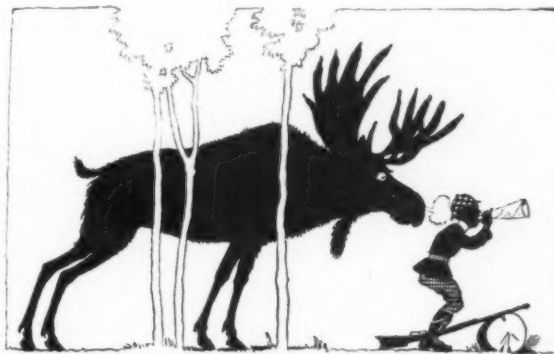
The Latest In Play

THE latest fad in educational circles is the supervision of children's play. Little Harold is no longer permitted to roam at will in the back yard and, with a rusty old hammer and an equally rusty saw, knock some derelict soap box to pieces and reconstruct from it a dog kennel or a chariot.

If little Harold feels the primitive and psychologic impulse to play, he must apply to the supervisor of the playground by filling out an application and having his name entered in the card index system. These slight details having been complied with, Harold is then passed on to the supervisor.

The supervisor is a lady who has taken a six months' course in a training school for the psychical study of childish play impulses and is, therefore, qualified as an expert. She places Harold in group A. Harold is a newcomer, but if he displays the right tendencies, and doesn't play abnormally or in any other way not down in the curriculum, he may, at the end of two months or so, pass on to group B.

It might be well to mention, in closing, that all modern play is done by means of apparatus. This is furnished by corporations. Thus a new business has sprung up, which has been able to work a new vein—viz., the play impulse. Talk about the profits in gold mines! Why, an ordinary gold mine is a vacuum compared to the possibilities in the modern child!



BASEBALL TALK

"Calling the game"



Ballade of the Quick and the Dead

HAIL to the Giants of mighty swat,
Of bingle, and bunt and homer gay,
Who burn the bases with scorching trot;
These are the Giants we sing to-day;
The spitball gent, with his baffling spray,
The portside twirler, who hurls the sphere,
The peerless one with his fadeaway.
Where are the Giants of yesteryear?

Hail to the Giants without a blot
To mar their scutcheon, or say them nay,
The sons of Fame, whom the gods begot;
These are the Giants we sing to-day.
But memory harks through the years so gray,
To the bleachers' yell and the grandstand cheer
For Rusie, Meekin, Dad Clark. Say,
Where are the Giants of yesteryear?

Hail to the Giants! Forbid them not.
December has naught to do with May.
Forget that fame is so soon forgot.
These are the Giants we sing to-day.
Old Dan Brouthers has gone the way
Of Bucky Ewing, the cannoneer,
Of Gore, O'Rourke and Connor. Eh?
Where are the Giants of yesteryear?

L'ENVOI.

Prince, is it true we are made of clay?
These are the Giants we sing to-day.
"Where," asks Fate, with a scorer's sneer,
"Where are the Giants of yesteryear?"

Sam S. Stinson.





BASEBALL REACHES HELL
NEW ARRIVALS STRUCK OUT EVERY TIME



THE NATIONAL GAME

Politics vs. Common People

Politics Batting Order.

ROOT, I.f.
TAFT, c.f.
SHERMAN, r.f.
HILLES, 1b.
BRYAN, s.s.
MARSHALL, 2b.
HADLEY, 3b.
WILSON, c.
ROOSEVELT, p.

Umpires—Trust and Combine.
Attendance, 93,402,151.

Situation—Ninth Inning—Score, 113 to 0 (favor Politics), Common People at bat. Two out and two strikes on the batter.

The Passing of the Cradle

The cradle is empty that the lobster palace and the luxurious girl apartment may be crowded.—*Mrs. John Martin.*

THE cradle is, no doubt, a convenient expression which Mrs. Martin is justified in using in order to define the habitation of babies. As a matter of fact the cradle, considered as a cradle, has gone out. One of the reasons for this is that there is no longer room for it. When we are lucky enough to have a baby, we are pretty likely to put him on the pantry shelf; or, if we happen to be busy between times, to put him on the dumb-waiter, where he can journey up and down and keep his mind occupied. Another desirable place for a baby is an ordinary dog basket, arranged so that you can put the cover down. It is well ventilated, can be changed about and placed in odd corners, and takes up comparatively little room. Also, a baby can be sent by express in a dog basket with considerable advantage.

The cradle was never a success. In the beginning of time, when women were not engaged in making stump speeches and smashing windows and getting up suffrage propaganda, they carried their babies on their backs or slung them in front by an impromptu strap. Then, after the cradle had come and gone, some of the affluent mothers used a crib and hired a trained nurse to explain why it is that rocking a baby is bad, and why it is that babies are better off when they are not joggled.

We haven't the slightest doubt that the cradle—being an ephemeral production—was first discovered by some

man who had to stay home while his wife was out hunting reindeer or cinnamon bears. He probably wanted to make himself a deerskin overcoat and was interrupted by the baby. Then, having a capacity for invention, he suddenly conceived the idea that if the baby was swung back and forth he could be quieted temporarily, and so the selfish man invented the cradle and the woman adopted it as her own.

As for Mrs. Martin's contention that the cradle is being emptied for the purposes she mentions, while we are in entire sympathy with her views, generally speaking, we do not believe in this instance that she is quite right. There have always been luxurious girl apartments from the time of the gynæconitis of Athens down to Sixth Avenue. And in spite of the fact that babies have continued to be born, these apartments have never been empty.

Personally, we do not believe that the lobster palace has much to do with the output of babies. We think the tariff has a good deal more to do with it.

Life's Lucid Lexicon

ABSURDITY—Any foolish thing that is recognized to be foolish. Foolish things which are not recognized as foolish are given other names, such as etiquette, "proper thing," fashion, etc.

Adjournment—The last and, as many authorities believe, the best act of Congress.

Accounts—Records or statements of affairs by which one is unable to find out his financial condition.

· LIFE ·
Baseball Terms

1719



"Head work"



"The squeeze play"



"Making a double"



"Hammering out singles"



"A beautiful throw down"



"Laying out the diamonds"



"The pitcher goes up in the air"



"Getting a scratch"



"Thrown out at home"



Back to the Stage Again

A CERTAIN few of us, who haven't been mutilated in or by automobiles, who haven't been dumped out of aeroplanes or drowned by upsetting canoes, are back in town prepared to meet the terrific hazards of an early-beginning theatrical season.

Our Jewish friends, who run the theatre in America, have been quick to note that there are dollars to be gleaned in New York from the visiting cloak and seal-skin buyers even in August, so they have advanced the theatrical calendar a full fortnight. Where September used to be the month with the first r, the first oysters and the first shows, mid-August now tempts the theatrical palate

of those who might dodge a bad shell-fish, but will take any sort of a chance with any sort of a show. Many a person who wouldn't eat an oyster before September will give up good money to go to an August theatrical entertainment. Which confirms the statement that there's one born every minute.

In spite of the public interest in the antics of an unbalanced person named Roosevelt and the startling discovery that police officials accept bribes for not enforcing blue laws, the theatre, even in what should continue to be Summer, elicits a large amount of managerial energy and considerable critical acumen on the part of the public.

TAKE "The Merry Countess" for instance. Even in August it so caught the critical appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt that they were willing to pay five thousand dollars and the traveling expenses of a large company to show the high-brows at Newport that they were wrong to linger looking at the sad sea waves when New York and its Casino could offer, even in August, attractions so much greater than those of Newport, with its rocks (geological, not financial) and its beauties. If only a typical Casino audience could also have been taken along it would really have given Newport a correct idea of New York in August.

If Newport had to be enlightened and elevated by a New York girl-and-music show, "The Merry Countess" was a selection highly to be approved as a missionary effort. The piece is Johann Strauss's delightful old waltz opera, "Die Fledermaus," modernized in everything but its charming music and enhanced in that particular by the interpolation of other Strauss melodies. Gladys Unger has rewritten the libretto and brought it very much up to date. The recent revival in stage dancing has made possibilities in that direction not dreamed of in earlier productions of the opera, and these are gracefully exploited by the Dolly sisters and Mr. Martin Brown, and marred by the self-satisfaction of the young woman familiar to the vaudeville public under the title of Mlle.

Dazie. Mr. Maurice Farkoa, who has been absent too long from our boards, where there is a dearth of refined methods like his, was delightful in an important male rôle, and Mr. A. W. Baskomb, a very clever imported comedian, helped him admirably in one of the best comedy duets seen and heard since the days of "Erminie" and the earlier ones of "Genevieve de Brabant."

If the Vanderbilts were actually compelled to take a five-thousand-dollar musical show to Newport, they couldn't have made a better choice than "The Merry Countess."



ON-MUSICAL but very amusing is "Ready Money" at the Maxine Elliott. Mr. James Montgomery manages in this financial comedy to get a lot of fun out of the get-rich-quick idea, which is so appealing to the American public. From improbable premises he evolves a plot which has just enough logic and credibility to carry a number of ingenious and diverting complications to a third act conclusion with the interest of his hearers enlisted every minute. On the male side he has a competent cast, which includes Messrs. Ben Johnson, Joseph Kilgour and William Courtenay. In the other column are a number of good-looking young exponents of the hobble skirt.

"Ready Money," by Mr. James Montgomery, provides a guarantee that none of Mr. William Shakespeare's classy dramas will be seen at Maxine Elliott's Theatre for a good many weeks to come.

MUSICAL shows like those at the Broadway and the Winter Garden are put on frankly to please a public which insists on quantity of entertainment and an appeal to the elementary instincts rather than anything in the way of intelligence or mental equipment. That public is a big one and gets just about what it is entitled to have and enjoy. There must be a profit in catering to it or we should not have in prominent New York theatres so many attractions like "Hanky Panky" and "The Passing Show of 1912."

TO the Shuberts goes the unenviable distinction of being the first American managers to exact additional payment from their theatre patrons to secure programmes. This practise, long an imposition in England, has been condemned by every American who ever went to a London theatre. It was regarded by Americans as a petty managerial graft of which no American manager would be guilty. Of course the Shu-

berts are business men and are not in business entirely for their health. They are, perhaps, not so much to be blamed as the spineless public which without a murmur stands for this addition to the already heavy cost of theatre-going.



COL. WM. A. BRADY opened his pretty new theatre in West Forty-eighth street with a slender farcical comedy called "Just Like John." The name of Mr. George Broadhurst appended as one of the authors led to the belief that the piece would show at least technical merit. Instead of that it proved to be of such trifling interest that one was forced to wonder why Mr. Brady chose it to open a new theatre, unless it was with the idea that whatever might come afterwards would gain by comparison.

The Thirty-ninth Street opens its season with one of those conundrum plays which makes us wonder just what kind of a public it is that likes them. Its title is "The Master of the House," but it does not seem likely that it will prove to be a filler of the house. Its domestically doleful last act, with tear-compelling children welcoming their papa, who had sinfully wandered from his own fireside, back to home and mamma, sent the audience from the house in tears. In the other acts it was crude in construc-

tion and unnatural in action, but it may catch the patronage of that element in the community which enjoys going to funerals for the sake of a good cry with the mourners.



FOLLOWING a formula which has proved successful in several cases, "The Girl from Montmartre" is a musical show utilizing for its libretto a farce which had met with considerable unsavory notoriety and advertising under the title of "The Girl from Maxim's."

This is a labor-saving device which promises to have quite a vogue in a time when the musical stage seems to have exhausted all the originality at its command and finds the old material better than anything it can secure in the way of new stuff. The process is simple. Take anything that has been successfully done on the legitimate stage, get a hack writer to substitute songs for the longer speeches and throw in a few up-to-date gags for the comedians, secure a writer of dinky music to inject some tunes, preferably of the rag-time brand, put a catchy title on the whole thing, and, with the addition of a few dancing chorus girls, the miracle is wrought.

In the case of "The Girl from Montmartre," the result is not imposing, although the farce plot gives the piece a coherence not usually found in musical shows. The double-barreled stars are Hattie Williams and Mr. Richard Carle,

who in the single-barreled state were not able to bring down the bird of successful stardom. Even jointly they do not make a powerful combination. Mr. Henry Bereny has written a score in imitation of the Offenbach style, to which the producers have added some rag-time by native talent, just so New York audiences shouldn't feel lonesome.

"The Girl from Montmartre" is neither very good nor superlatively bad. It belongs in that middle rank of musical shows which furnishes mild amusement to the not over-exacting.



FROM the above it will be seen that the great hurry to put the theatres into commission, so as to catch the dollars of the August cloak-buyers, has not resulted in any notable additions to New York's amusement resources. Of the lot "Ready Money" and "The Merry Countess" are the only ones likely to remain in the running later on. Those of last year's successes holding over are getting a temporary spurt of renewed patronage from the out-of-towners.

The real season, which begins with Labor Day, promises a larger than usual number of new productions, domestic and imported. The increased number of new theatres means the need of a lot of new material. Later on we shall be able to tell whether greater quantity means poorer quality.

Metcalf.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Astor.—Continuation of "The Greyhound," last season's successful and amusing melodrama, based on the doings of the deep-seagoing confidence man.

Broadway.—"Hanky Panky." Elaborately staged girl-and-music show not intended for high-brows.

Casino.—"The Merry Countess." See above.

Comedy.—Unbroken run of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Delightfully acted and most laughable satire of Scotch traits.

Criterion.—"The Girl from Montmartre." See above.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew in Mr. Alfred Sutro's "The Perplexed Husband." Notice later.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Little Miss Brown." Notice later.

Gaiety.—The laughable police farce, "Officer 666." Recent developments have given some of its lines added force.

Globe.—"The Rose Maid." Rather dainty musical show of the Viennese type.

Harris.—"The Model," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Notice later.

Hudson.—One week of "The Siren." Musical show of the usual Viennese kind, with Mr. Donald Brian and his dancing featured.

Lyric.—"The Ne'er Do Well," by Mr. Charles Klein. Notice later.

Maxine Elliott's.—Mr. James Montgomery's "Ready Money." See above.

Moulin Rouge.—"A Winsome Widow." Girl-and-music show based on Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown." Diverting.

Playhouse.—"Bought and Paid For." Interesting and well played emotional drama, with strong comic relief.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Master of the House." See above.

Wallack's.—"Disraeli." Agreeable little play of mid-Victorian days, with Mr. George Arliss's clever reincarnation of the British Premier.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1912." A jumble of girls, music and vaudeville turns.



Advice to the Men

BY ALL MEANS MARRY



to the Mentally Feeble

ALL MEANS MARRY FOR A HOME



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

BY J. B. KERFOOT



Blinds Down, by Horace Annesley Vachell. A double bill. Being the story of a romance repeated, with significant variations, in two successive generations.

Bottled Sunshine, by Mary Dale. A reformed groucher's account of his conversion. A working partnership between a tract and a genre-study.

The Drunkard, by Guy Thorne. A striking (although intentionally sensational) tale of drink-fostered crime. A sort of dramatized clinic of the pathology of alcoholism.

In Cotton Wool, by W. B. Maxwell. The history of a young man who took too good care of himself. An interesting novel, but a trifle terrible-example-ish.

The Labyrinth of Life, by E. A. U. Valentine. A story—with blue stockings and a high forehead—about a young American writer who lived in Paris and was low in his mind.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. A volume of variegated but rather mechanical adventures, in which a once popular hero returns, but fails to "come back."

My Life in Prison, by Donald Lowrie. An ex-convict's account of twelve years in San Quentin. A remarkable volume of personal appeal and sociological interest.

The New History, by James Harvey Robinson. Interesting essays on historical perspective as affected by the discoveries and disillusionments of modern research.

One of Us, by Ezra Brudno. A cripple's autobiography. A story that boasts itself as realism, but is really melodrama tintured with morbidity.

The Penitent, by Rene Bazin. The life-tragedy of a Breton peasant family compressed with characteristic skill into an irreducible minimum of pregnant narrative.

The Permanent Uncle, by Douglas Goldring. In which a sophisticated ingenue, an artistic temperament and a nice old gentleman take a short but eventful trip in France.

The Principal Girl, by J. C. Snaith. An amusing skit which is not without its sound fictional merits. A satire of sorts and an entertaining story.

Problems of Sex, by Professors Arthur Thompson and Patrick Geddes. A most interesting contribution to the series of "New Tracts for the Times," by the authors of "The Evolution of Sex."

The Search Party, by G. A. Birmingham. A veracious account of mysterious events at Clonmore, in Ireland. A story full of humor, good humor, and Irish acumen.

Socialism and the Great State. Papers by H. G. Wells and twelve others dealing with various aspects of constructive socialistic thought.

The Theories of Evolution, by Yves Delage and Marie Goldsmith. An extremely simple and graspable presentation of the main outlines of evolutionary speculation since Darwin.

White Ashes, by Sidney R. Kennedy and Alden C. Noble. A fire insurance novel in which the technical intricacies of the business are made interesting and its dramatic possibilities made the most of.

The White Waterfall, by James Francis Dwyer. A tale that is meant to make your eyes stand out with fascinated horror, while goose-flesh gathers all down your back. It is not, however, guaranteed to work.

The New Régime

(*The Medical Trust is now in full control, having vanquished all of its enemies; the scene is laid in the largest hospital in the United States, just outside of Washington.*)

HHEAD SURGEON: What was that disturbance outside just now?

ASSISTANT: Oh! a chap and his wife objected to being separated from their children. I ordered them back home.

HEAD SURGEON: And the children?

ASSISTANT: Will be retained for experimental purposes; fine subjects!

"I thought we had enough children on hand for all purposes."

"We have, but these are exceptional; highly nervous, and refined. I am quite sure they will bring out many fine points in that new line of investigation that Dr. Barrel is undertaking."

"Good; any arrests this morning?"

ASSISTANT (*looking over record by*

telegraph from leading centers, reads): There was an uprising of osteopaths at St. Louis.

HEAD SURGEON: I thought those fellows had all been exterminated.

ASSISTANT: They have, time and again; but they are always bobbing up; but they have all been thrown in jail and their property confiscated.

HEAD SURGEON: Ha! That's good. By jove, we will exterminate every osteopath, Christian Scientist and homeopath in this country. By the way, did that government appropriation go through?

"With a swing; fifty millions yesterday for more hospitals. You see, we must have more experiments. Otherwise we shall be up against it. We have got to discover some new operations."

HEAD SURGEON: Precisely; practical-



LOST—TEN POUNDS—
FINDER NEED NOT RETURN



WHY NOT LET THE SUFFRAGETTES AND THE ANTIS HAVE IT OUT?

ly every one has been operated on for appendicitis since it has become a government requirement. How many new serums were put in force yesterday?

ASSISTANT: Fourteen.

HEAD SURGEON: And the new scale?

ASSISTANT: Has gone into effect. Here it is.

(He takes a printed paper from his desk and reads as follows):

"Hereafter every American citizen will be required to have his appendix removed before the age of ten; also his tonsils before the age of five. Every American citizen will be required to pay a certain proportion of his income for the following fifty operations."

HEAD SURGEON: Only fifty operations required by law. Say, can't we do better than this?

ASSISTANT (enthusiastically): Better? Sure. Remember, the trust has only been going a year. Give us time! When we have experimented on a hundred thousand children we will

have at least a hundred more different operations which every American citizen will have to undergo. We've only just begun.

HEAD SURGEON: I believe you! I always did have faith in the American people!



AN OLD ENGLISH BOILED DINNER

The Home Team

OUR catcher comes from Keokuk.

Our pitcher votes in Troy.

Our shortstop—Ah! we played in luck

To get that Pittsburgh boy.

Our first base lives in Chicopee;

Our second base in Milwaukee;

Our third in Kalamazoo;

Our right field's married in Spokane;

Our left resides in Eastport, Maine;

Our center's from Peru.

R. B.

Shall We Go the Limit?

WE understand that there are still two or three small countries of the Old World which have not yet established the parcels post. This raises an interesting question. Since we have waited so long and so patiently, would it, perhaps, be well to wait a little longer until every last one of the others is supplied? This would make our title clear, parcel-postically speaking, to being the most backward country of the entire world.



NATIONAL FAVORITES

Greatest of Games

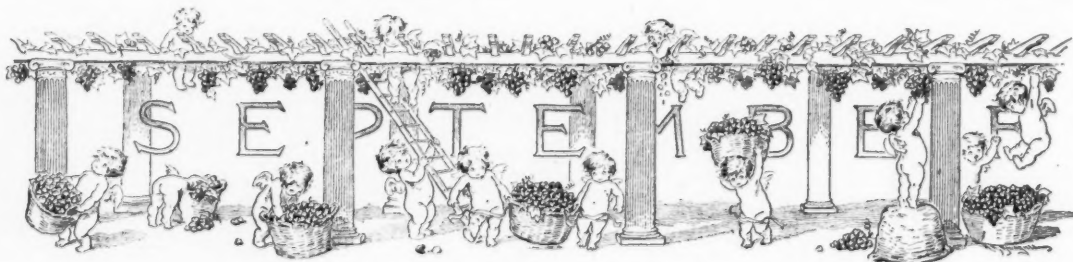
THE origin of baseball is lost in the mazy labyrinths of prehistoric antiquity. That it is older than the Bible there can be no doubt, for the Good Book starts with the words, "In the big inning." A little further on we are given some particulars, showing that Eve "stole first," Adam "stole second," and the serpent "slid home." Genesis VI, 4, reveals the astonishing fact that "there were Giants in the earth in those days." Job alludes to the "children of base men," XXX, 8, and in Isaiah XXII, 18, you will find the words, "He will surely violently turn and toss thee like a ball into a large country."

Nor did the interest in the game lessen with the advance of the centuries. "Catch and hold," said John Hey-

wood, about 1565. Shakespeare hints at the game frequently. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio," and "a hit, a very palpable hit," are familiar quotations from Hamlet. In Macbeth he says, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," and in Richard III, "Pitchers have ears."

Other famous authors of former days refer unmistakably to baseball. "Afraid to strike," says Pope; "Delayed to strike," says Milton. Thomas Campbell, in "Lochiel's Warning," uses the words, "With his back to the field," evidently referring to some famous pitcher of his time, and the Earl of Chesterfield tells of "a great rough diamond." But why multiply instances? The game of baseball always was, is now, and ever shall be, the greatest of games.

Addison F. Andrews.



LOVE'S VINTAGE

In WHITE TOWN CARS the advantages of the WHITE electrical starting and lighting system, together with the logical left-side drive -- an exclusive WHITE combination -- is more apparent than ever before. ¶ To the woman who drives, the COUPÉ offers the simple control and safety of the electric, coupled with the flexible speed



and touring radius of the gasoline roadster. ¶ In the BERLINE LIMOUSINE, a folding partition behind the driving seat allows the owner, when he chooses to operate his car, to remain in the same luxurious interior with his family and guests. ¶ WHITE TOWN CARS are beautifully finished and appointed to the last detail, and are the choice of motor coach connoisseurs everywhere. ¶ The White Company -- Cleveland.

The War of 1913

The Fierce Fight Raging Among 40-Horsepower Cars

72 Rivals in It

We are nearing the climax in the fiercest fight that Motordom has ever known.

72 makers of cars around 40 horsepower are contending in a fierce struggle for supremacy.

The chief interest centers around six of these cars. For six leaders, backed by millions of money, are each seeking to dominate this great middle field.

The Michigan "40" is one of these six. The ablest engineers have spent four years to fit it for this fight. And it comes this year to claim first place in all this Forty class.

How the War Began

The trend of the times is toward luxurious Forties.

Owners of small cars come to want more power, more comfort, more room, more appearance. Owners of oversize cars come to want more economy.

So the demand for Forties, in recent years, has become overwhelming.

To meet that demand, 72 makers have taken up Forties. Hundreds of the ablest engineers have centered their genius in them.

Today the finest cars ever built in America belong to the Forty class.

Prices Cut in Two

One result has been to bring out in these cars all the best improvements of the past few years.

Another has been to develop comfort and luxury, beyond anything dreamed of a few years ago.

Another result shows in splendid equipment. Each maker has sought to outrival the others. Some cars at twice the price are not equipped like the modern Forties.

But the greatest result is the

cutting of prices. Some makers' prices have been cut in two. Forties are selling, with splendid equipment, for what stripped Thirties used to cost.

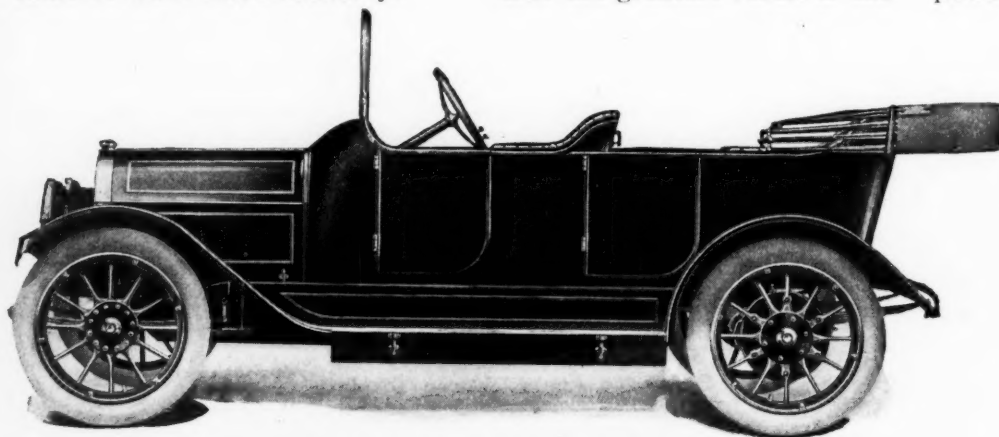
The car which gives the greatest value is bound to win this contest. And every maker knows it.

In quality, equipment, comfort and luxury there are limits beyond which none can go. These limits are reached in the Michigan "40."

Then comes the question of factory efficiency. Who can build such cars for the lowest price? Who dares accept the smallest profit?

Big Saving to Buyers

So this war of the Forties means enormous savings to men who watch out and compare. Cars in no other class match the Forties in value. All because there are 72 makers fiercely fighting for favor with 40-horsepower cars.



Michigan "40"—Equipped — \$1,585

Michigan "40"

Four Speeds
Extra-Tired
Electric Lighted
Equipped With
Every Modern
Feature

\$1,585

The Michigan "40"

**Electric Lighted—Four Forward Speeds
Extra-Tired—Price, \$1,585 Equipped**

Our Offer is This

We enter this fight this year with a value which no maker ever has matched.

You can easily prove this—in one hour's time. Just make fair comparisons.

We have spent four years in perfecting this car. Some of the ablest engineers have worked year after year on it.

We have made since the start over 300 improvements—71 in the past year.

We have sent out in four years about 5,000 cars, and watched every car's performance. Last year this car, in our test cities, outsold every rival.

The Michigan "40" today represents the last word in motor car engineering.

Cameron's Car

Our designer-in-chief is W. H. Cameron, for years the chief engineer of the Overland.

Our body designer is John A. Campbell, famous all the world over. He has been frequently chosen to design equipages for kings.

Every part and detail is in charge of an expert—the ablest man we could find for the purpose.

To these men we have given more than ample time to bring out the utmost of which they are capable.

We have equipped for them a model factory, with 600,000 square feet of room: And we have backed them with all the money and all the experience gained by 30 years of vehicle building.

The result is this wonderful machine, known as Cameron's Car—one of the finest examples in the world today of the modern motor car.

What It Includes

Mark the price of this car—\$1,585. Then note what that price includes.

Note the four forward speeds—a feature heretofore confined to the highest-priced cars.

Note the electric lights and dynamo. This feature as an extra on other cars usually costs \$125.

Note the oversize tires—35x4½. The usual tire equipment on Forties costs \$50 less.

Send for our catalog and make all the comparisons. Measure up the features, one by one, with all our rival cars. Judge for yourself if any Forty car on the market offers what the Michigan gives.

Then let our local dealer show the car. Take care, for your own sake, to get the utmost advantage out of this fight of the Forties.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Owned by the owners of the Michigan Buggy Company

Some of the Michigan Features

Four forward speeds, instead of the usual three speeds.
Tires 35x4½, instead of the usual 4-inch tires.
Electric lights with dynamo.
Electric horn.
Center control and left-side drive. Both front doors clear.
Motor 40 to 46 horsepower.
Extra effective brakes—16x2½ inches.
Big, comfortable springs.
Adjustable steering post.
Adjustable pedals.
Firestone Demountable rims—extra rim.
14-inch cushions—deeper than any rival.
Rear seat 50 inches inside.
Hand-buffed leather of the finest grade, filled with the best curled hair.

Wheel base 118 inches.
Nickel Mountings.
50 per cent average over-capacity, allowing big margins of safety.
Pressed steel, full-floating rear axle.
Axles sufficient for an 80 horsepower car.
Best mohair top, side curtains and envelope.
Windshield built in as a part of body.
12½-inch electric headlights.
Side lights flush with dash.
Body finished with 22 coats.
Electric horn.
\$50 speedometer—4-inch dial.
Special foot rail and robe rail.
Complete tool equipment.
Tool chests under running boards.

(106)

Self-Starter

There is such a difference of opinion about the relative merits of the various types of self-starters, that we have not adopted any one type as regular equipment.

We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer.

However, we equip with either the gas starter or a positively efficient electric starter, at a very moderate extra price.

Greatest Discovery of Age!

Swami Baa Baa's Vibrations Enable You to Smoke Forty Cigars a Day With Ease—Spiritual Harmonies Side by Side With Physical—Don't Wait!

WE are able at last to announce the greatest psychic discovery of modern times.

This is due to the marvelous power developed by Swami Baa Baa, the one and only yogi now in America—superior among all yogis, having been reincarnated fourteen times during the last two thousand years.

Up to the present period, those who desired to go into the higher tattvic plane have been obliged to discard all materialistic thoughts and to become, as it were, one with the great Brahma.

All this is now past.

We are able in our Vibration Parlors to place you at once with the great powers of the universe, for a nominal charge of fifty dollars; but aside from this you have to give up nothing. On the contrary, you do twice as much as you ever did before.

Here is a letter just received:

HONORED SWAMI:

Great is your name, and mighty is your power! Up to the time of taking on the higher tattvic harmonies, which appeared two weeks ago, I could only smoke ten cigars a day. I am now smoking forty and doing it with the keenest relish. Not only this, but I eat four times as much as I ever did before, sit up all hours of the night, play poker constantly, and, in fact, am having the greatest time that you could imagine.

Side by side with this perfectly developed physical existence, I find that my moral powers are expanding at the rate of four hundred vibrations a day.

I can go into the silence now without having my cigar go out.

I have trained my subliminal self to go any where I want it to; and, in fact, I am ruler of the universe.

I enclose one hundred dollars merely as an evidence of good

fellowship. May your auric envelope never grow less.

Yours, in the faith,

BILLY ———

This explains perfectly the great idea that Swami Baa Baa is now developing.

It has always been thought that the psychic development could not go on side by side with physical pleasures. Swami Baa Baa is now proof to the contrary. There is nothing that you cannot be. In fact, since the new idea has been developed, every man leads a double life—and there is no "come back."

You can stuff yourself with the richest kind of food for years and years, and, owing to the vibratory harmonies being just right, no bad effects are felt.

Here is another letter:

ADORED BAA BAA:

How can I thank you for what you have done for me?

Since taking the lessons in your silence classes I have become a new woman.

Up to the time that I first met you, I was constantly annoyed by the fact that I weighed over four hundred pounds, and could not seem to get any thinner. Since becoming a member of your classes I have actually gained fifty pounds; but it does not matter; I do not care; I am not conscious of it. Owing to the new treatment that you have given me I appear to float about in the air with a sinuous ecstatic movement that is simply grand. No more dieting for me. And, better than all, I feel my moral nature constantly growing stronger and stronger. I have sympathy for everyone.

Gratefully and eternally yours,

Madam ———

This idea—something entirely new

in the realm of thought—promises to revolutionize all methods.

Hitherto, disciples of New Thought and other poor imitations of Swami Baa Baa have gone on the plan that we must give up the pleasures of the senses.

Swami Baa Baa, however, has developed a new set of vibrations which are ten thousand times more powerful than anything known before. The consequence is, that no matter how great your physical pleasures become, the vibrations are strong enough to keep them under control.

An old customer writes us:

"When I first began taking lessons of you I gave up everything—smoking, drinking, gambling and eating—and began to develop an ethereal aspect that would have done credit to an Egyptian dervish.

This summer, however, my wife went away to the country, and at the same time I was told of your new idea. I took some additional treatment, and I give you my word that for nearly a month now I have not slept more than an hour a night. Life has been one continual joy ride.

And yet, strange as it may seem, I am really more spiritual than ever, owing to the wonderful power of your vibrations.

If I feel slightly nervous after smoking eight or ten cigars I concentrate on a brass finger bowl for five minutes, and my equilibrium is fully restored.

No more time to write, as I am off for a four-hundred-mile ride with a couple of old college chums. Yours, etc.,

Our new temple, devoted to Swami Baa Baa's great theory, is now in progress. No matter who you are, we invite your presence.

Life's Vibration Parlors.

"Mum"

is a delicate unscented cream which
**makes perspiration
odorless**

Absolutely harmless. Easy to apply.

25c

at drug- and department-stores. If your
dealer hasn't "Mum" send us his name and
25 cents and we'll send you a jar post paid

"MUM" MFG. CO., 1106 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Rhymed Review

Pitching in a Pinch

(By Christy Mathewson. G. P. Putnam's
Sons)

What circus ever brought to town
A sight so utterly bewitching
As Big Chief Meyers crouching down
Behind the bat, with Matty pitching!

Though Marquard wins the crowd's ac-
claim,
When Matty flings I'm best contented;
So cleverly he plays the game,—
The greatest game that Man's in-
vented.

The Game!—our game of lightning
throws
And swifter thought,—what need to
praise it?
For Matty shows (and Matty knows)
The way your true Big Leaguer plays
it.

He tells of hits and daring steals
That make the shirt-sleeved rooters
bellow.
He tells you how the pitcher feels
On hearing, "Take him out! He's
yellow!"

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Contains full explanation of this Money and Time Saving
method of bookkeeping. Describes and illustrates 40 Record
Forms with full explanation of their use. We will send this
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capacity and saved vastly on previous meth-
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He writes of Brown and Chance and
Clarke,
Of Home-run Baker, Giant-queller,
Of baseball hoodoos dire and dark
And Charley Faust the Jinx-dispeller.

He tells of tricks, some rather raw,
Repeats the coacher's artless prattle;
He tells how Mister John McGraw
From bench and line directs the battle,

And how to stir the umpire's gall
With bits of pleasant conversation.
He's not too full of "inside ball,"
But gives a lot of brisk narration.

This "inside game" they prose about,
He says, will break in several places
When some one hits the ball a clout
Across the fence and clears the bases.

And all is proper, he opines,
In games, to state the rule compactly.
But crooked ways of stealing signs—
With which I can't agree exactly.

Yet by my faith, gadzooks, and zounds!
This book awakes an old-time itching.
I'll hie me to the Polo Grounds
And have a look at Matty pitching.

Arthur Guiterman.





Simple

"My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

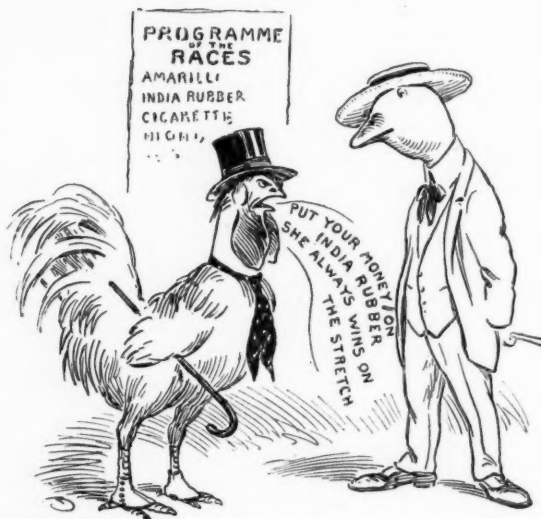
"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

—Harper's Magazine.

A Materialist

W. D. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, said of a certain popular novelist: "There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters. McMasters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood. 'What is your favorite flower, Mr. McMasters?' the girl asked softly. McMasters thought a moment, then cleared his throat and answered: 'Well, I believe I like the whole wheat best.'"

—Argonaut.



"A FOWL TIP"

Vicarious Sea Bathing

Woodrow Wilson, at a dinner at Spring Lake, said of the multi-millionaire:

"After all, most of his wealth is superfluous. When I think of a multi-millionaire's millions, I am reminded of a story about Gobsa Golde.

"I have four English men servants," said Gobsa Golde, on the terrace of his marble cottage at Newport—"four English men servants whose sole duty it is to look after my sea bathing."

"He cleared his throat pompously and continued:

"The first has charge of my bathing suits, the second takes care of the bath-houses and the showers and the third, in a small boat, acts as a kind of life guard to me."

"But the fourth—what does the fourth do?" a listener asked.

"Oh, he takes my bath. Sea bathing always has a depressing effect on my heart."—New York Tribune.

KNICKER: What is Roosevelt's platform?

BOCKER: The decalogue and the monologue.—New York Sun.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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For motoring, golf, fishing, shooting, camping, and all other red-blood sports, wear the smart, full-fashioned Blauvelt Sweater. For men and women, in all stitches and colors. At your dealer's, or write to us, and we will see you are supplied.

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"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

Silk

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"On the toes of every pair of hose in this offering is a little gold medallion inscribed 'ONYX.' That is the highest coinage in the currency of silk hose values. It symbolizes quality, durability and workmanship of the highest kind. It is a guarantee of hose satisfaction and a proof of money well spent."

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Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Heel and Toe, in Black and the following colors: Tan, White, Gray, Navy, Purple, Helio, Suede Green, Burgundy and Cadet. Best pure silk sock made at the price. 50c. per pair	Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Sole and Lisle Garter Top—Black and all colors—A wonderful value, the utmost obtainable at	An "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk in Black and all colors. Twenty-nine inches long. Extra Wide and Elastic at Top, while the "Garter Top" and SOLE of SILK LISLE give extra strength at the points of wear, preventing Garters from cutting and toes from going through.
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How They Used to Treat Custom House Officers

The Princess of Prussia, having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stetin, the place of her residence, the custom house officer rudely arrested them until the duties should be paid. The Princess, incensed, let him know that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the silks for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartments of the Princess she flew at him, seized the merchandise, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified exciseman, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonorable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The King, having read the memorial, answered it as follows:

"The loss of the duties belongs to my account. The silks are to remain in the possession of the Princess. The cuffs with him that received them. As to the supposed dishonor, I cancel it at the request of the complainant; but it is of itself null, for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonor the face of a custom house officer.

"(Signed) FREDERICK.

"BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1778.

—From Adam's Anecdotes.

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

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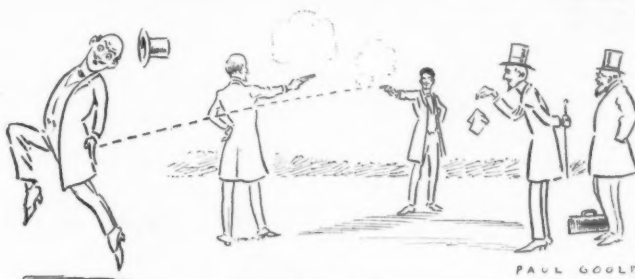
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BASEBALL TALK

"IN THE LAST HALF OF THE SECOND"

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Modern Morals

"This latter-day or new morality is too lax for me."

The speaker was Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth millionaire. He continued:

"This new morality, which seems in its tolerance rather to encourage than to oppose wickedness, reminds me of a lad in my Sunday-school class.

"Now, Tommy," I said to this lad one Sunday, "now, Tommy, what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

"We must sin," Tommy replied."

—New York Tribune.

"HAD a queer experience recently," said the Billville poet. "Robber held me up on the highway. Didn't have a cent in my pockets—only a poem which I was takin' to the editor."

"Didn't take the poem, did he?"

"No. Read three lines of it, handed it back to me and said: 'Friend, here's \$2. You need it worse than I do.'"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Caroni Bitters. The best by test. Send 25 cents for sample bottle with patent dasher, and be convinced. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

AROUND THE WORLD

Next departures for the grand *Tour de Luxe Around the World*, 41st Annual Series. Westbound from San Francisco Sept. 27; eastbound from New York Nov. 2, 26, Jan 4; southbound, including South Africa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, etc., from New York Oct. 30.

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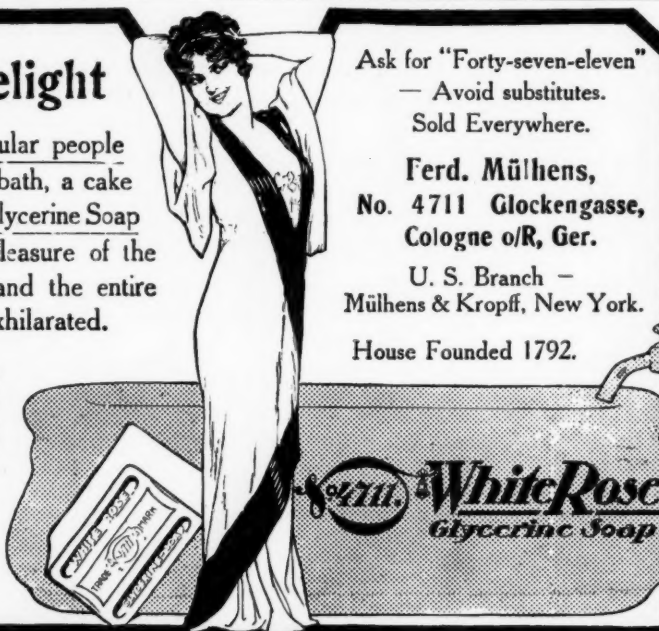
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Cook's Travellers' Cheques Good Everywhere

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is experienced by particular people if, when preparing for a bath, a cake of "4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap is handy for use. The pleasure of the bath is made manifold and the entire body is refreshed and exhilarated.

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The Burns & Bassick Co.
Sole Manufacturers
Dept. F. Bridgeport, Conn.

Leading Question

SHE: If you could have only one wish, what would it be?

HE: It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be.

SHE: Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?

—Boston Transcript.

FIRST MATRON: I don't see how anybody can afford any luxuries nowadays. We've given up meat at our house.

SECOND MATRON: And we've given up bridge.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Our Good Old English Law

"Why I Decame a Canadian Citizen"

Mr. Ernest McGaffey says in *The Mirror*:

As a lawyer of about twelve years' practise in a mid-Western State, I had considerable experience with both its civil and criminal jurisprudence. I very early began to advise my clients to keep out of the courts, for the reason that the opportunities for appeal from court to court, the expense and delays caused thereby, and the labyrinthine complexities of a system where technicalities and the curious complaisance of the higher courts to corporation lawyers so often deprived litigants of their rights, made recourse to the courts mostly a farce.

The criminal law was so elastic, so full of loopholes, and so administered for, apparently, the benefit of malefactors, that murderers were seldom hung, and crime was appallingly prevalent. This is true of a majority of the States of the United States. No other country, unless it be Camorra-ridden Italy, can show such a criminal record per thousand.

And of Canada he says:

I found here a country and city where the laws are enforced rigidly and quickly, without regard to wealth or poverty; where crime is almost unknown, and the punish-



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MOST WIDELY IMITATED OF ALL

REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD PAT. SEPT. 15-22, 1908

ment of crime swift and sure; where character, at least at present writing, counts most in public and private life; where the standard of civic and commercial honor is high; where labor troubles are practically unknown; where freedom is real, not imaginary; where the people are the actual rulers, not mere pawns in the hands of political gamblers.

This being true, small wonder the Canadians shrank from too much reciprocity.

These Times

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, discussing the divorce evil in Philadelphia, said with a smile:

"In these times one never, as the saying goes, knows where one is at. An acquaintance of mine extended his hand to me at the Historical Society the other day and cried:

"Congratulate me! I am the happiest man alive!"

"I looked at him doubtfully.

"Engaged, married or divorced?" I asked."—*New York Tribune*.



"CAUGHT AT THE PLATE"

Looking Ahead

The hotels in Baltimore were somewhat crowded—somewhat—during the Democratic convention, and service in some of the restaurants was slow.

One morning a big, well-dressed man walked into one of the hotel dining rooms and pounded on a table. The captain of the waiters and a waiter came over.

"Breakfast card!" ordered the big man.

They gave him a card and stood at attention, whereupon the guest proceeded to order a most ornate breakfast. When he had finished he looked over the captain's record of the order and approved it.

"We'll serve it right away, sir."

"Serve it right away!" roared the big man. "Who asked you to serve it right away? I'm ordering this breakfast now for to-morrow morning!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

TOMMY: Say, dad, who was Shylock?
DAD: What! Don't know who Shylock was? What do I send you to Sunday-school for? Go and read your Bible.—Sydney Bulletin.



Young Mothers

Should know that the purity and beauty of baby's skin is maintained by

Cuticura Soap

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The Golfer's Progress

Bring me two niblicks; also fetch the jigger,

Five mashies, twenty balls, and . . . yes, a cleeck;

I've found a pastime to improve my figure,

Reduce my weight by several pounds per week;

Give me a gay vermilion coat, that trimly I may be posed; some lemonade to quaff;

Stand back and watch my muscles tauten grimly—

I'm going to golf.

Where is the tee? I only see the caddie Agape to criticise my dubious play;

Where do you keep the stance?—confound the laddie,

Why does he grin in that suspicious way?

Now for a stroke. With what serene simplicity

'Tis done; a swing, a swish, a thud . . . that's all—

I've hit the turf, not having the felicity To hit the ball.

At last! She rises in a curve most gracious. . . .

She falls . . . beneath the shrubs on yonder hill,

Bunkered. O globule mocking and mendacious,

Elusive, fraudulent, pathetic pill! Was it for this my language waxed so vigorous

That listening loiterers blushed and turned aside?

Let not my friends' reproaches be too rigorous—

They've never tried!

—The London World.

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For a wife he found a girl and taughter
To play "Rad-Bridge" as every girl aughter.

His plan she admired
Love soon was inspired
She admits that 'twas "Rad-Bridge" that

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Patented 1910. Same quality, size, assortment of colors as our famous
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Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) we send our sample wallet of
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"CQ" — "CQ"

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

If a laddie loved a lassie,
Thought she loved him too,
Heard the other man had won her,
Thought the rumor true,
Should that laddie keep his promise,
Set his rival free?—
"Mickey" struggled, then decided—
Read "CQ" and see!

If a laddie got a message
Coming through the air,
If he didn't want to take it,
Would that laddie dare
Hide that message from the captain,
Save another man?—
"Mickey" took the chance and did it—
Read what risks he ran.

A Romance of the Wireless House

Clever illustrations. Price \$1.20 net, postage 12 cents

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Martin & Martin shoe service is one of intelligent foot fitting; making shoe buying and wearing a pleasure and not one of necessity. In the Bootshops of

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representatives of the Thomas Cort Hand-Sewed Shoes—are shown footwear of fashion for travel, dress, business, sports and every service. They have the made-to-measure touch at a ready-to-put-on convenience—and price. With Style and Quality blended into a harmonious entirety.

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Usual
Amount

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Send for a FREE 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers

Pebeco Tooth Paste is a scientific product of the laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Ask your druggist for the large 50-cent tube. The extra large size and small amount of paste needed make Pebeco the most economical dentifrice you can buy.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste, also Acid Test Papers. (Write your name and address fully and plainly.)

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Diplomacy in Embryo

The little maid gazed thoughtfully at her father. "Papa," she said, "do you know what I'm going to give you for your birthday?"

"No, dear," he answered. "Tell me."

"A nice new china shaving-mug, with gold flowers all around," said the little maid.

"But, my dear," explained her mother, "papa has a nice one, just like that, already."

"No, he hasn't," the little daughter answered thoughtfully, "'cos—'cos—I've just dropped it!"—*Newark Star.*

The Government Must Go

The truth of the matter is simply this: We no longer have any need for the government. We are not finding fault. Far from it. It has been a good government and we shall hate to part with it, but it has outlived its usefulness. It has graduated. The time has come for the valedictory. We can say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, and here is your honorable discharge."

When our country was youthful and undeveloped, and undivided, a government was indispensable. It was the government's duty to take it and distribute it, to settle it, to liquidate it, much as a referee in bankruptcy decides who is to get what assets the lawyers leave. This has now been done. All the landowners have been picked out. All the mines, forests, waterfalls, riparian rights, rights of way, patents, subsidies, etc., have been apportioned and distributed among the best people, and best not only of this age, but of all ages. The future, as well as the present, furthermore, has been provided for.

Laws have been passed by which all these valuable things may be held for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, renewable forever. Henceforward the fight is exclusive among individuals. The government must not interfere. It cannot interfere without becoming paternalistic, without disturbing the business structure which it has so carefully builded.

And yet we do not like to be harsh or ungrateful. Perhaps a compromise could be effected. Perhaps we could pension the government or retire it on half pay. Or we might contrive something which



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You know the objection to having metal touch you; sometimes makes a sore spot. We originated the "No metal can touch you" idea; there are several imitations, but only one

PARIS GARTER

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determines the buying choice of connoisseurs—they consider price *only* in so far as it may buy superiority—they unite on Cook's. Be coldly critical of

COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry Champagne

As you drink it, compare it with all the other champagnes you ever liked—point for point—purity, life, bouquet, flavor; and you will decide in favor of Cook's, irrespective of price. And remember, this difference in price is due *only* to duty (60¢) and ocean freight (40¢)—Cook's cost goes into quality. 2m



American
Wine Co.
St. Louis,
Mo.

will look like a government and which we can show to visitors, but which at the same time would not affect the stock market or otherwise enter into the consideration of speculative investments.

But as for a real government, a government with powers plenipotentiary to revise, regulate, investigate, meddle, muddle and grow fat, we must write finis. From this very moment we keep such a government at our peril. None of us knows what to do, whether to strike for a raise in salary or not. Business is at a standstill and must remain so as long as we have such an uncertain thing as a government hanging around.

E. O. J.

Your name woven in robe

Dr. J.A.B. CHICAGO

\$12.50 EXPRESS PREPAID

Name-On Auto Robe

Direct from mill. Just right for automobile, carriage or steamer. \$12.50 express prepaid. Your name, initials or initials and town woven in. Can't be removed without destroying robe. Dyed in-the-wool, extra long fibre mohair, bound with felt; size 54x72 inches. Two-color combinations of: Black, Fawn, Auto Gray, Maroon, Olive Green, Dark Blue, Leather. Money back if not satisfactory. Special sizes and colors to order at reasonable prices. Write for booklet. Agents wanted everywhere.

J. & E. DAWSON 195 Somerset St. Philadelphia Established 22 years

That Sporting Instinct

"Down in Tucson," said Capt. Burton Mossman, who is a rancher in South Dakota and a miner in Old Mexico, "there is a German who loves to play poker. He comes in once a week and plays the game like an artist, not caring whether he wins or loses, but for the sheer joy of it. Two weeks ago two young chaps from the East sat in the game in which the German was playing. They were rank amateurs at it. They had money and they bet liberally. Each time they hooked up with the German they lost. At ten o'clock the old man could not see over his chips. He had won a good many hundred dollars.

"On the next deal he got a pat king full. He passed, and the amateur next to him opened the pot. The other amateur raised. The German did not raise back. He contented himself with staying. Then these two new players thought they would whipsaw the German. They bet and bet and bet.

"The German stayed each time, and the two amateurs raised back and forth until they had put about all the money they had carried in the middle of the table.

"How many?" asked the dealer.

"Three cards," said one of the amateurs.

"I wouldn't wish for any," said the German, who looked at his opponents in blank amazement.

"Three for me," said the second tourist.

"The German glared at his opponents. He was purple in the face and gasping

Inter State

"If It's An Inter-State—You've Bought the Best"

From all over the country comes the cry—"Give us a motor car that can be operated without discomfort." The answer is—"THE INTER-STATE."

Electrically started and lighted, the Inter-State at once rises high above the cars that still enforce the distasteful "hand-cranking" and "safety-match-illumination."

The very presence of this efficient electric starter on the Inter-State is proof of the maximum development which forever frees you from the annoyance of cranking a car.

The electric lights—the automatic tire pump—the demountable rims—all conveniences that add to the comfort and refinement of the Inter-State.

So simple is the Inter-State of control that you scarcely realize the big, long stroke, en bloc motor, throbbing its tremendous power through multiple

disc cork-insert clutch and efficient transmission.

You only know that when you press a button, the Inter-State moves into action without exertion or discomfort on your part.

You only know that your car presents the suggestion of exquisite grace as the steady, silent glide carries you up hill and down dale—through town and country—at a thousand different speeds.

You only know that you have paid \$2400 for a car that offers you a greater value—dollar for dollar—than any other car regardless of price.

Truly the Inter-State stands alone as the car of distinctive difference—the car that woman drives in equal skill with man.

You should send today for literature, describing the remarkable value of the Inter-State.

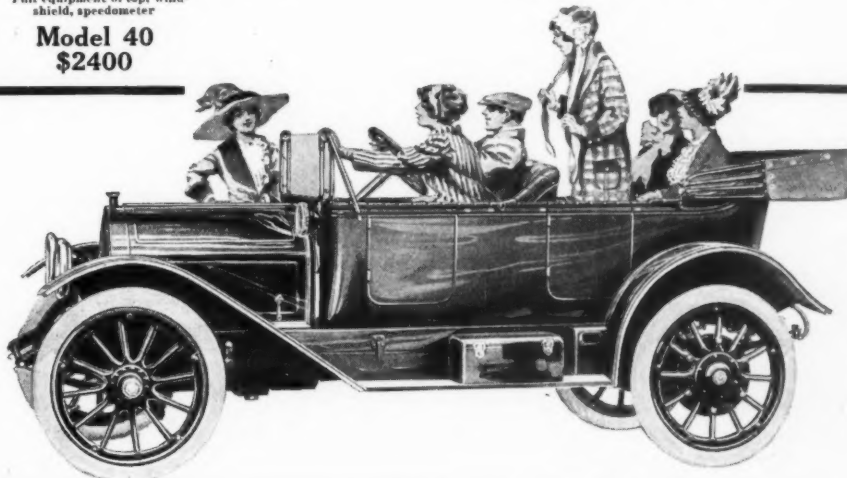
The Inter-State Automobile Company, Muncie, Indiana
309 FIRST STREET

Boston Branch: 153 Massachusetts Ave.

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Full equipment of top, wind-shield, speedometer

Model 40
\$2400



FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

You cannot ride any place in safety—much less tour without a towline. Buy neat, compact

"BASLINE AUTOWLINE"

—for \$3.75 at any good auto supply dealer's. Thirty feet of 5/16 inch flexible steel rope. Coils up flat under any cushion. Autowline weighs only 6 lbs., but it has an approximate strength of 7000 lbs. It stood every test on the last Glidden Tour—also delivered the goods on Coast to Coast Tour.

FREE—The Autowline circular explains the whole matter in pictures. Write for it today. Sent free.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO., St. Louis, Mo.
809 North Second St.

The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull.



for breath. Then he threw his cards on the table.

"I can't stand it!" he yelled. "I quits! I come here Muntay nights to play poker, not to waste my time mit two—two—two—two dam' shtudents!"

"And he fled, leaving all his money on the table."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

TED: What became of his summer hotel that failed because the place was so unhealthy?

NED: Oh, he's running it now as a sanitarium.—*London Telegraph.*

Established 1788

It is not merely *good*—nor *better*.
It is *BEST*. The quality of

Carstairs Rye

far overshadows the limitations of
adjectives.

The connoisseur ac-
cepts Carstairs Rye as the
standard by which contem-
porary brands may be
judged.



Its rich, mellow flavor and ab-
solute purity have been unchanged
for 124 years—a time-honored
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A famous blend of selected
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If your dealer should not
happen to have it, we'll send
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A Man of One Idea

None of the deeper human passions is
more absorbing than the blameless one
that a book-lover feels for the inanimate
objects of his affection. A French paper
illustrates this fact in psychology by the
following story:

A bookworm living at Bordeaux, while



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In each pound there are three to four hun-
dred pipefuls—it costs \$2.00 per pound—
three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than
four cents—five hours of pleasure for four
cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough
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Send 10 Cents for a sample of the most
perfect tobacco known

THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

glancing through the catalogue of a
Paris bookseller, saw the title of a book
that he had greatly desired for thirty
years. He looked at the clock and found
that there was just time to catch a train
for Paris. He seized some money from
his cash-box, rushed off to the station,
and arrived at the bookshop in time to
secure the prize. As the shopman
wrapped up the book, he remarked:

"I suppose you live in this street,
monsieur?"

"No, I have just come from Bor-
deaux," was the reply.

The man's look of astonishment caused
the bibliophile to realize that he had
traveled three hundred and sixty miles
in his dressing-gown and slippers, and
had never noticed the incongruity in his
attire.—*Youth's Companion*.

Easily Distinguished

"How do you know that man is a
statesman?"

"Because," replied the analyst, "he
can wear a silk hat and a frock coat
without looking as if he were going to a
wedding."—*Washington Star*.

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A \$2.00 bill will bring all three subscriptions for four months
and the "Life of Woodrow Wilson," postpaid and cloth-bound.

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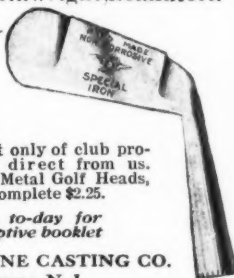
Play Always up to Par!

Your game is only as good as your stick—don't imperil your name and fame with *common* clubs. Leading experts and professionals in golf endorse the club that goes after the record—

Monel Metal Golf Club

Golf heads of Monel Metal are strong, resilient, cannot rust or corrode and positively correct in weight, lie and loft.

Sticks of split, seasoned, second-growth hickory with first-grade calfskin grip.



May be bought only of club professionals or direct from us. Prices, Monel Metal Golf Heads, \$1.00. Sticks complete \$2.25.

Write to-day for descriptive booklet

THE BAYONNE CASTING CO.
Bayonne, N. J.

(This classic poem always appears in periodical literature during the baseball season, and has variously been attributed to William Shakespeare, Mark Twain and Homer.)

Casey at the Bat

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;

The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.

And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,

A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest

Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;

They thought if only Casey could get a whack at that—

We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake.

And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;

So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,

For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,

And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball,

And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,

There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from five thousand throats or more there rose a lusty yell;

It rumbled through the valley; it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;

There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.

And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.

(Concluded on page 1742)

"Virginia"
Number 52

Edward Hayes
Patent
June 25, 1907

Exclusive Footwear

To Your Order

Made in any material to match your gown, cloak or hat. Write for illustrated catalog L and measurement blank. Fit guaranteed.

E. HAYES

Ladies' Custom Shoes
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The Safe Arrival of Your Indestructo Luggage Is the Surest Incident of Travel

Indestructo on your Trunk signalizes that "built-in" strength and endurance, capable of thousands of miles of travel unwatched and unattended.

Indestructo on your Luggage carries an air of dignity and refinement that marks you as one who demands the best of travel comfort.

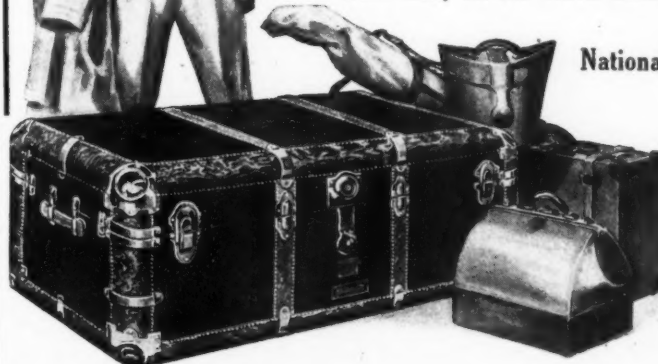


Your own feeling of safety is secured by our written guarantee that your trunk must give you five years' honest wear, or you get a new one free.

The value of such a trunk as the Indestructo can not be measured by dollars. It is your faithful travel-friend.

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Become my pupil and I will make you my friend. Devote but fifteen minutes daily to my system and you can weigh what Nature intended. You can reduce any part of your figure burdened with superfluous flesh or build up any part that is undeveloped. The effect of my system can be concentrated on your hips, waist, limbs or any other part of your body.

My system tends to make a figure perfectly proportioned throughout—a full rounded neck; shapely shoulders, arms and legs; a fine, fresh complexion; good carriage with erect poise and grace of movement.

You Can Improve Your Health

My system stimulates, reorganizes and regenerates your entire body. It helps you to transform your food into good, rich blood. It strengthens your heart, lungs and other organs, conquering all weaknesses and disorders and generating vital force.

My latest book, "The Body Beautiful," should be read by every woman and I will send it to you free. It explodes the fallacy that lack of beauty or health cannot be avoided. In it I explain how every woman can be vigorous, healthy and attractive.

I have practised what I teach. In child hood I was puny and deformed. I have overcome all weaknesses by my own natural, drugless methods. Millions of people

have seen in me a living demonstration of my unique system of health-culture and body-building. If you are weak, nervous, fat, thin, unshapely, tired, lacking vitality or in any other respect not at your very best, I can surely be of service to you.

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With my free book, "The Body Beautiful," which is fully illustrated with photographs of myself explaining my system, I give full particulars of my Guarantee Trial Plan, whereby you can test the value of my instruction without risking a single penny.

Send 2c stamp for "The Body Beautiful" and Trial Plan to-day

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 809 L, 12 West 31st Street, New York

Casey at the Bat

(Concluded from page 1741)

Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—

"That ain't my style," said Casey.
"Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people,
there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand;

And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

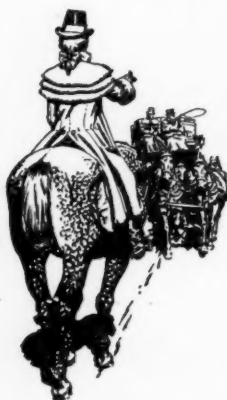
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;

He signaled to the pitcher and once more the spheroid flew;

But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said: "Strike two!"

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Cortez CIGARS
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Those who are particular about the quality and appearance of the stationery they use, can safely be recommended to insist on having the Whiting Papers. These papers have won a world-wide reputation for their unvarying excellence. They are used by people of taste and refinement from one end of our country to the other.

When you think of Writing think of Whiting



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PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.

And now the pitcher holds the ball and now he's let it go,

And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;

The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout:

But there's no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey had struck out.

—Ernest L. Thayer.

Translated

SHE: That's a funny French dish on the menu. Do you know what it means?

HE: Yes; an attack of indigestion if you take it.—*London Opinion.*

"HOME politics is always the same."

"What do you mean?"

"The father of the household is always a standpatter, and the boys are always insurgents."—*Washington Herald.*

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Brains—the Vital Element

We use in tires about the same materials as the best of other makers use.

The difference in tires is due mainly to men—to their standards, their methods; to experience and ability; and, above all, to incentive.

So for 13 years our main object has been to gather around us the ablest men.

To supply those men with criterions—to leave them unhampered—to allow them vast leeway.

Then to offer those men the utmost incentive to outdo rival makers.

We started out by employing the ablest men we could find. Then we send men every year to great technical schools to pick the ablest graduates.

Thus we have built up, in the course of years, this brilliant organization.

We left these men unfettered by expense, unrestricted by rules or opinions.

And we made them partners in the concern when their results deserved it.

That's the main reason why Goodyear tires have come to outsell all others.

134 of These Men Are Now Partners

There are 49 stockholders now at work in our factories, watching quality in tires. 33 others are in charge of departments.

Every branch manager, the whole country over, is a stockholder in the concern.

More than nine-tenths of the Goodyear stock is owned by the active men in the concern.

All the men who do most toward Goodyear advancement share in the Goodyear profits.

What These Men Brought About

Years ago these men built a tire-testing machine, on which comparative mileage could be actually metered.

Four tires at a time are thus constantly worn out, under all sorts of road conditions.

Here they have compared 40 formulas for treads—some 200 separate fabrics.

Here they have compared all the various methods used in making tires. Here they have compared rival tires with our own.

Nothing was settled by guesswork—nothing adopted because it was cheap. Their object has been to make the

best tire in existence. For none but that tire could hold topmost place.

So, by these exact methods—by endless comparisons—they learned how to build the best possible tire.

Rim-Cutting Ended Oversize Adopted

These men in time found a way to end rim-cutting—a way now controlled by our patents.

This ending of rim-cutting has, on the average, cut tire bills 23 per cent. For statistics show that 23 per cent. of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut.

Then they made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent. over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent. more air—10 per cent. added carrying capacity. And

that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

To the perfected tires they added these two features, thus practically doubling the service.

Profit and Service

Others built machines for wrapping tires, which insured an even tension. Others built machines to cut the cost, by large-scale operation.

Others have stood for modest capitalization, and for a minimum profit. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

Others in the selling end have created good will, by giving right service, by telling the truth, by fairness in every deal.

As time went on, all these things combined gave us rulership of Tiredom.

The Result to Date

The demand for these tires, as men found them out, has grown like an avalanche.

The demand has multiplied 12 times over since the year 1909. It has trebled in the past 12 months. It doubles now once in eight months.

Over 100,000 new cars this year go out from the factories equipped with these tires. They are used under contract by 127 car makers.

About every third car now has Goodyear tires. And our output is now 100,000 tires monthly.

That's a three-year result—since motor car owners began to wake up to these tires.

Now 200,000 users, or more, are telling other men about them. As a result, in the first six months of 1912 we sold 485,983 automobile tires.

Go see these tires at our nearest branch, or with any Goodyear dealer. A glance will show you what they mean to you, and you will join these converts.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

Goodyear pneumatic tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure. When filled with any substitute for air our guarantee is withdrawn.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(763)

Tone

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent

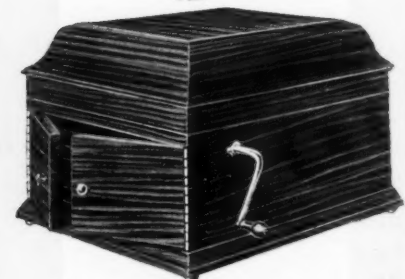
You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, seriously affects the pure tone quality.

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola the wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone that has established this instrument as pre-eminent in tone quality.



Victor-Victrola VI, \$25
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak

Other styles
\$15 to \$150



Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cent. per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month